PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. TWELVE CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, SEPT 22, 1926 TEN CENTS

Gravure en camaien By Jessie Arms Botke

Stricken Cities Ask Our Aid

DEVASTATION WROUGHT by the tornado in Florida and middle-western states has thrown the American Red Cross into sudden activity and food and supplies for the unfortunate people in the afflicted districts are being rushed from every point in the country.

Miss Mariam Arnold White, chairman of the Carmel Chapter of the Red Cross, has received two telegrams from Red Cross headquarters in Washington asking for our assisstance. Donations may be sent to her at the Sunset school or to Paul Prince, secretary, in the Carmel Development company on Ocean avenue. These will be sent to the northern California central station at San Francisco for distribution.

DAVID O'NEILL'S PARTY MAY HAVE BEE NIN TORNADO PATH

The latest word from David O'Neill's yacht was from Palm Beach, a few days before the first reports reached here of the tornado which swept across the center of Florida. It may have left there before the storm reached its height, but friends of the family here are anxiously awaiting news of their safety.

"Clods" Social Document

"CLODS", as it was originally known in Germany, or "The Slums of Berlin", the title it has in this country, to be shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights as the forerunner of a number of European examples of European cinema art, is declared to be the highest example of the German motion picture production and as such should be of vital interest to the sociologist as well as the motion picture devotee.

But, if you are looking for a "Peter Pan" or the sheik class of pictures, "Clods" will not satisfy you in the least. As a writer in the San Francisco Call put it:

"The German film places realism before beauty, and we who are accustomed to a leading woman with the grace of a nymph and a leading man with the youth of a fawn must learn to understand the European feeling for 'acting first' if we are to learn from these imported pictures how the other half lives, as Will Hayes says we must do."

And then we have the opinion of Idwal Jones—it is more than an opinion; it is a conviction—that "German cinema art is technically more brilliant an infinitely more adult than ours".

"Clods" is a "social document" and the intelligent people of Carmel will go to see it because it is that and because it is art.

Carmelites In Movies Today

CARMEL and her best people are to be "movied", or, at least, are to begin to be movied, today.

The next picture of the William Fox organization is to be taken in our midst, or around our midst, and this morning at Pine Inn there will gather about the most amazing array of local talent aspiring to be movied that the gasping world has ever looked upon.

Time—aye, and space—forbids our listing the Carmelites who intend to assist Virginia Valli in putting over her next one on the—what is it they say? Oh, yes—on the silver screen.

And the nice part about this breaking-into-the-movies game is that they actually pay one for it. Hilda Argo, Marian Todd, Eliot Coburn, Louise Walcott, Eric Wilkinson and a few others too numerous to mention, are going out to make films while the sun shines and save up for a rainy day, on the five a day they are to get from the Fox organization.

And then, after the thrill of it is all over, it will be lived again when the film comes 'round.

They say it's a great life if you weaken.

TWO NEW STORES ENTER CARMEL

WITH THE COMPLETION of Percy Parkes' new building on Dolores street opposite the post-office sometime in the early part of December Carmel is to have two new retail stores. The building, which will cost in the neighborhood of $10,000, will have two stores one of which will be occupied by Parkes with his contracting and building offices and draughting rooms and the other by George E. Vining of Pacific Grove who will open a general market and butcher shop. The store space now occupied by Parkes, across from the new building site, will be taken by George C. Romaine of Monterey who plans to conduct a confectionery business there.

The new building will be of the Mission style of architecture with a tile roof.

TOUCHING ON CARMEL'S DRAMATIC SITUATION

IN THE SEPTEMBER number of Vanity Fair is an article by John Emerson on "The Great Public and Its Theatre" and it is in part so germane to the dramatic situation in Carmel that The Cymbal deems it a contribution to things generally hereabout to re-print that certain portion of it that is particularly interesting to us.

Emerson has been telling how the public has been lured from the theater by cheap literature and cheaper motion pictures and he goes on to say—

By JOHN EMERSON

(Re-printed from Vanity Fair)

SO WHY NOT leave the "Great Public" alone to stew in its own juice? It is quite satisfied with itself, which is, of course, the prime reason for its being what it is. It has taken the "movies" to its heart as its own particular "Nize Baby", and the "movie" producer with any sort of ideals has already capitulated to it, perforce. The real theatre is much better off without it, and should let it go without a qualm, and build a new and better temple in the minds and hearts of the superior minority, the sutures of whose skulls have not prematurely grown together and thus permanently shut off all possibility of mental growth and development.

The loss to the real theatre caused by the great Mass is only a financial one. Artistically the theatre has gained enormously. No longer having the great Mass as patrons, the theatrical managers have been obliged to produce plays with an appeal to the select audience—the intelligent minority. And when the managers themselves have failed to see the way, it has been pointed out to them by independent producing groups, such as the Theatre Guild, the Greenwich Village Group, the Actor's Theatre, the Stagers and others in New York and throughout the country. In fact, there are many signs on the horizon of a real Renaissance of the Art of the theatre, which might never have appeared but for the desertion of the great uncivilized majority.

So for this desertion we should give much thanks, and bend our energies toward continuing to give mental, emotional and spiritual nourishment to the intelligent minority who are left to us, and for whom the real theatre exists.

How best to accomplish this might be open to discussion, although it seems to me the first fact we must face is that no theatre which puts the artistic worth of its productions ahead of their commercial appeal can live without endowment of some sort, whether it be in the form of state subsidy, private guarantee by the wealthy, or subscription lists of the moderately well-to-do. Why should we assume that in this commercial age the higher forms of Art should stand on their own feet, when they have never been able to do so, any time or anywhere?

The creative artists of ancient Greece were enabled to live only because of both state and private subsidy; those of the Renaissance would have fared slimly without the help of the church, in addition to private patronage; the opera houses and repertoire theatres of Europe have always been subsidized by the State; our own opera, symphony orchestras, art schools and galleries would have ceased to exist long ago, but for the financial help of such men as Otto Kahn, Clarence Mackay, J. Pierpont Morgan and other wealthy connoisseurs.

Yet for some inexplicable reason we seem to expect the theatre, the real theatre, the Art Theatre, the forward-looking experimental theatre, to live solely by its own efforts. This simply cannot be done.

It has until recently been a habit in hard-headed America to look upon acting, especially among men, as a profession about on a level with tea-tasting or the painting of batiks, and among women as simply a toboggan slide to moral degradation and the nether depths of hell.

This quaint idea, however, is rapidly changing, even our Methodist friends having struck from their Book of Discipline the ban against card-playing, dancing and the theatre, which was making their Sect ridiculous, as very few of their members ever thought of observing so absurd a regulation.

To be sure, there are a few Dr. Stratons left, but they are almost extinct, and, after all, we must have something in the world to laugh at.

The locally owned and locally managed theatre, adequately endowed, with its own regular company, alternating, as will be possible under such a scheme, with visiting organizations from Broadway, will, as I see it, bring the theatre back to a position far beyond its former state, inasmuch as its appeal will be only to the intelligent minority, under whose patronage alone is conceivable the higher development of any of the Arts.

CARMEL
Art Gallery
SHOWING THE WORK OF ARTISTS OF THE PENINSULA. EXHIBIT CHANGED EVERY MONTH
OPEN 11 TO 5
SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH

Studio ~
Gown Shop
NEW FALL MODELS OF THE LATEST STYLES ON DISPLAY - SIZES 14 TO 44. @ AFTERNOON, EVENING AND SPORT COSTUMES. . . . .
Miss ANNA KATZ
Court of the Golden Bough
TELEPHONE 30

WALTHAM
ELGIN
HOWARD
HAMILTON
AND
BULOVA
WATCHES

PRECIOUS AND SEMI-PRECIOUS GEMS

WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

CHAS. FRANK, Jeweler
DOLORES ST. CARMEL

Blue Bird Tea Room
LUNCHEON
DINNER
Tea Service
TELEPHONE 161

Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Ten

I was named Brynhild after the beautiful Battle Maiden of the North and I try to live up to my name in every way. Being Manager of the Boarding Kennels, I have my paws full from morning until night and am often even roused from my well-earned sleep to help quiet some noisy boarder who has never been taught how to behave after dark. Every day I take about ten dogs to walk, and you can easily imagine how difficult it is

to keep them all from straying, barking, or hunting up garbage. Strange dogs, if at all fresh, have to be pursued, rolled over and jumped upon. Now every dog in my position knows that this is an absolute necessity, but my Owners consider it a fault and punish me for it. Very humiliating for me, of course!

In addition to my kennel duties, I have to tree all the stray cats on my hill. This is very discouraging work, for just as I get some large Tom in a position of hazardous balance on a slender twig twenty feet up some pine and am reasonably sure he can't hold on much longer, an Owner calls me away.

We own a Ford (although I do think there are easier riding cars) and I make two trips to town daily. There I attend to the Seven Arts Court, though through some misunderstanding, Bobbie Remsen thinks he has the contract.

At present I am especially busy bringing up Father, for Dad is spending the summer with us. He was born on a small island up near Siberia and from him I inherit my executive ability and curling tail. From my Mother, who lives on the Point, I get my German Shepherd qualities, a dislike for fire-crackers and a tendency to be obedient. (Father fears neither god nor man.)

This obedience idea is a very delicate subject between my Owners and me. However, they do their best, I suppose, and are quite considerate in many ways. But will Humans ever be able to think broadly, I wonder?

On Looking Into Tertium Organum

NOW this big book is full of knowledge
So read, read, read!

I bent my head and knitted my brow
But I saw in the field outside the door
A little brown bird fly down from the sky
And he seemed to say with a twinkle in his eye . . .
"What's so important on a bright blue day
As play, play, play."

I forced my eyes to the pages cold
And set my mind on the fourth dimension.
But my thoughts flew away on a butterfly's wing
And something inside of me started to sing.
"Oh damn!" I said, "I'll go out in the sun
And run, run, run."

And out in the sunshine bright and free
The answer to everything came to me
So good-bye, Logic—cold and clear . . .
Farewell, philosophy—deep and drear . .
"Better be alive," I think it said
"Than dead, dead, dead."

—D. C. H.

FOR SALE—GOWN SHOW CASE. New, but will sell at surprising reduction. Old Hand Building.

Lucille Kiester
PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE
EDUCATIONAL TOYS
CHILDREN'S DRESSES
Czecho-Slovakian and Hungarian
Mary Moore Handmade Dresses . Chase Dolls
Court of The Golden Bough

Your Willing Servant

THAT IS WHAT we want you to consider **The Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company.**

Our paramount aim is to please our customers.

If you are pleased, tell others. If there is anything you don't like about our service, tell us.

Call Carmel 178 and talk to our District Agent Mr. Silva or Salinas 57 and talk to our General Manager, Mr. Pollard.

When you are in Salinas, come in and meet Mr. Pollard face to face. He is never too busy to talk to a Coast Valleys Customer.

COAST SERVICE VALLEYS

Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company

WHITNEY'S
[Formerly Basham's]

BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON

FOUNTAIN DRINKS
HOME-MADE CANDY

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

By MAE HARRIS ANSON

EVERY ONE connected with Forest Theater productions as far back as 1920 knows that conditions as to producing plays there have changed markedly in the past five years. They know that the productions have had neither the united community interest that formerly gave all the volunteer labor needed, nor the one-time united community interest that meant capacity houses.

Coming here in the early part of the year 1920, I was fortunate enough to find a remnant of the "old Carmel spirit" still functioning at Forest Theater. A goodly number of women were making the costumes, others were interested in experiments in dyeing materials to produce desired color effects. Electricians offered their skill. Artists with nation-wide reputations turned scene painters and interior decorators. Writers dropped their pens or closed their typewriters and attacked all kinds of hard manual labor. Sculptors side-tracked important commissions to make statues and do other ornamental work.

The following year only one assistant appeared at the work room of the costumer. Nobody offered to dye any materials. There were fewer to help in the construction of the set. It became necessary to rent costumes from a professional costumer. It was necessary to pay some of the skilled workers. Expenses mounted with the increased cost of living in general. The exchequer came to have a lean and hungry look.

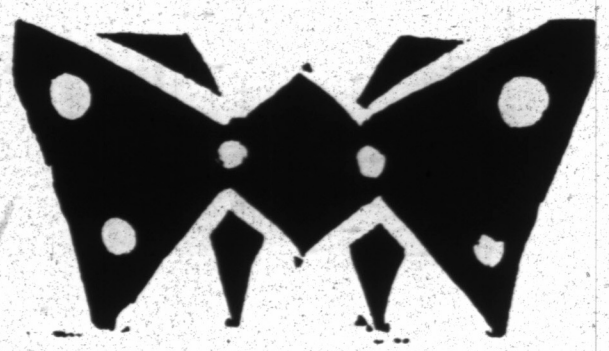
The excuse offered was that Carmel did not support the productions by coming to see them. It is a fact that Carmel did not come to many of the plays after 1920 in the numbers that it did in the good old days, but it is also a fact that if Carmel had come to its last adult inhabitant, there would not have been enough of them **alone** to assure financial success of productions weighed down with the increase in cost of materials and the lack of volunteer labor.

Yet, save for one production in the seven seasons I have been in Carmel, there has been no apparent organized effort to interest the general public outside of the Monterey Peninsula, no systematic efficient publicity. And, I might almost say, that the Monterey Peninsula has not been given the publicity as to Forest Theater productions that is necessary to interest it.

The Forest Theater, as well as the Arts and Crafts, is not intended to be a commercial venture—but it is no crime agonst art to make enough out of good productions to lift mortgages and leave a surplus to finance badly needed improvements.

Just as the past three years have brought magical changes in the architectural appearance of Carmel, so has the personal atmosphere changed from that of the idyllic old days. Unfortunately for the success of some of the Forest Theater seasons, the tradition there of the one-time united community interest has outlived its real existence. The newcomers to Carmel, who match with the new architecture, have none of the community sentiment. That is inevitable. Whatever is done at the Forest Theater and at the Arts and Crafts must have sterling artistic value to appeal to them, for they have none of the old sentiment that supported any sort of amateur talent in anything, simply because it was home talent.

For years I have suggested a Shakespearian play at the Forest Theater. The storm of derision from all quarters was



appalling. Every one hooted at the idea—everybody, that is, save John Jordan and Herbert Heron.

"Who in Carmel could read Shakespeare's lines?" was the invariable argument. And there was an accent of disgusted pity for me on the "who".

Any community the size of Carmel, which in the period of seven months can give dramatic productions calling for such variety of characterization and with such resulting artistic merit as "The Bad Man", "The Torch Bearers" and "Children of the Moon" at Arts and Crafts, and "Hamlet" at the Forest Theater, shows most convincingly that it has directors and amateurs players capable of productions second to none in the same line anywhere in the country.

These four outstanding productions have set a standard for both theaters from which there can be no retreat. Carmel cannot expect to win big results at Forest Theater with any more small plays. There is no further foundation for the excuse hitherto given that ambitious plays could not be cast with Carmel players.

California is honeycombed with communities of all sizes which have annual pageants or fiestas. They have each one big community blow-out and that ends things until another year. The result is that everybody works to his capacity for the success of the year's one production. Word of it is broadcast throughout the state. There is no thought of appealing only to local patronage.

If the Forest Theater would stage one big play for the season—do it in a truly big manner,—if it would organize a publicity bureau to reach outside the Monterey Peninsula, if it would cast plays with competent players regardless of whether or not they all lived within the confines of Carmel—if it would choose a date of performance in what is Carmel's summer season, instead of what is really the least satisfactory period of the year for sitting out of doors at night, results would be more satisfactory, artistically and financially.

Amateurs who can set the artistic standard that distinguished these first attempts at Shakespearian roles in "Hamlet" can swing any of Shakespeare's plays that are suitable for outdoor production. It would be far better for the reputation of Carmel as a drama center if the limited sources of the community were centered on one big production a year, instead of being spread thinly over three. The community would work hard for one production—it never has been willing to do more than that during the past five years.

RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS IN CARMEL

Professor and Mrs. N. Maximow of Leningrad, Russia, are spending a week in Carmel, staying at Pine Inn. The Maximows, who are both professors of botany, are here for the purpose of visiting the Coastal Laboratory and its director, Dr. D. T. MacDougal, and also to take a rest from their travels and studies. They attended the Inernational Congress of Sci- August, and before they this country in November they will have visited most of the leading institutions and foremost scientific men.

"ROAN STALLION" IN FRENCH

Robinson Jeffers' "Roan Stallion" has been translated into French by Eugene Jolas. A German translation also is being arranged.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Charles Alden Seltzer, the well-known author of western tales whose new novel, "A Gentleman From Virginia", has just appeared on the book stalls, is the father of three journalistic sons. When Charles Alden Seltzer, Junior, joined the staff of the Cleveland Press recently, he was the last of the family to succumb to the journalistic tradition. His brother Lewis is chief editorial writer for the Press, and Robert is city editor of the Cleveland Times.

The father, although he is now more famous as a novelist than a newspaper writer, was considered something of a prodigy in his youth.

F. A. CLARK
NEW AND USED
FURNITURE
BEDS, MATTRESSES AND SPRINGS
FIRE PLACE SETS
DOLORES ST. TELEPHONE 48-J

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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Notes and Comment

WITH THE FLARE-UP the past week in the Aimee McPherson case we heard a bold, bad defense of the lady and a rather elocutionary song of praise of her as a disciple of social independence and a martyr to the cause of free love. The encomium was voiced as a heavy stamp of approval on Aimee's unbridled passion and her dramatic method of expressing it. One was led to believe that this fool woman was an innovator; had discovered something new; was brave and bold in the courage of her instincts. Tommyrot! No one in Carmel, surely, should need the stupid escapade of this illiterate woman evangelist to show the way in the gratification of unbridled passion. We have experts at it in our midst, while this Los Angeles woman is the worst of novices. No, this McPherson woman earns no rose-strewn path as an angel of illicit light; she rates no epaulets in the army of truth. Drama didn't lead her, nor simple abandon. She was merely stupid and that, after all, is the one, unpardonable sin.

* * * *

AN ANONYMOUS correspondent who possesses the God-given right to disagree with us in the matter of capital punishment, but has a rather silly way of expressing it, sends us a clipping of some "editor's analysis" in which the following surprising statement appears:

> Go over to London, and watch five millions in gold being driven around in an open dray without a single guard and nothing but a piece of old canvas over it. If you took one of those pieces of British gold you'd be sure to have a hasty date with the noose. British justice is as drastic as it is swift.

We presume that if you took two pieces of that gold you would be "hung, drawn and quartered" and pure horror forbids us to put into words the ghastly thought of what would happen to you if you should take three pieces. We prefer to ruminate in the other direction. A dray-load of silver would not be so tempting, but then the penalty for taking a piece of that would probably be nothing more drastic than burning at the stake, and so on down the line until the pilfering of an umbrella would carry a penalty of only an indeterminate sentence at hard labor of from ten to twenty years. It is fortunate for our correspondent that we haven't such "swift and drastic" justice in this country or he or she would probably spend a few years in Leavenworth for sending us a communication in an un-sealed envelope with only a one-cent stamp on it. Just imagine what England would do to a person who robbed the government of half a cent!

* * * *

GEORGE WOOD made himself and the city board of trustees whom he represents and so pathetically dominates highly ridiculous to a newcomer and most respectable merchant of this city last week. Through his city manager he demanded that C. W. Whitney remove forthwith a shingle sign that the confectioner had hung over the doorway of his store on Ocean avenue because the very important matter of requesting a permit had not been made. Later, when Mr. Whitney called at the city hall and asked if he could not be spared the double expense of removing the sign and replacing by permitting it to hang until action was taken at the next meeting of the board, Wood himself became quite despotic about it and declared that if the sign were not removed immediately Whitney would probably hear some very unpleasant things said about him by the trustees at the forthcoming meeting and his application for a permit would possibly be denied. The sign conformed to every other phase of the law: it was above the required height from the sidewalk, less than the maximum distance of three feet from the face of the building, was, in fact, decorative and contributed to the pleasure of the eye in partially hiding a hideous

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

THE MANY NOTABLE COMPANIES THAT HAVE PLAYED "CANDIDA"

IN CONNECTION with the performance last night of "Candida" at the Theatre of the Golden Bough by Margaret Anglin and Blanche Bates, the following from the New York Herald-Tribune on the number of productions the Bernard Shaw play has had, where and by whom, will be interesting.

(From the New York Herald-Tribune)

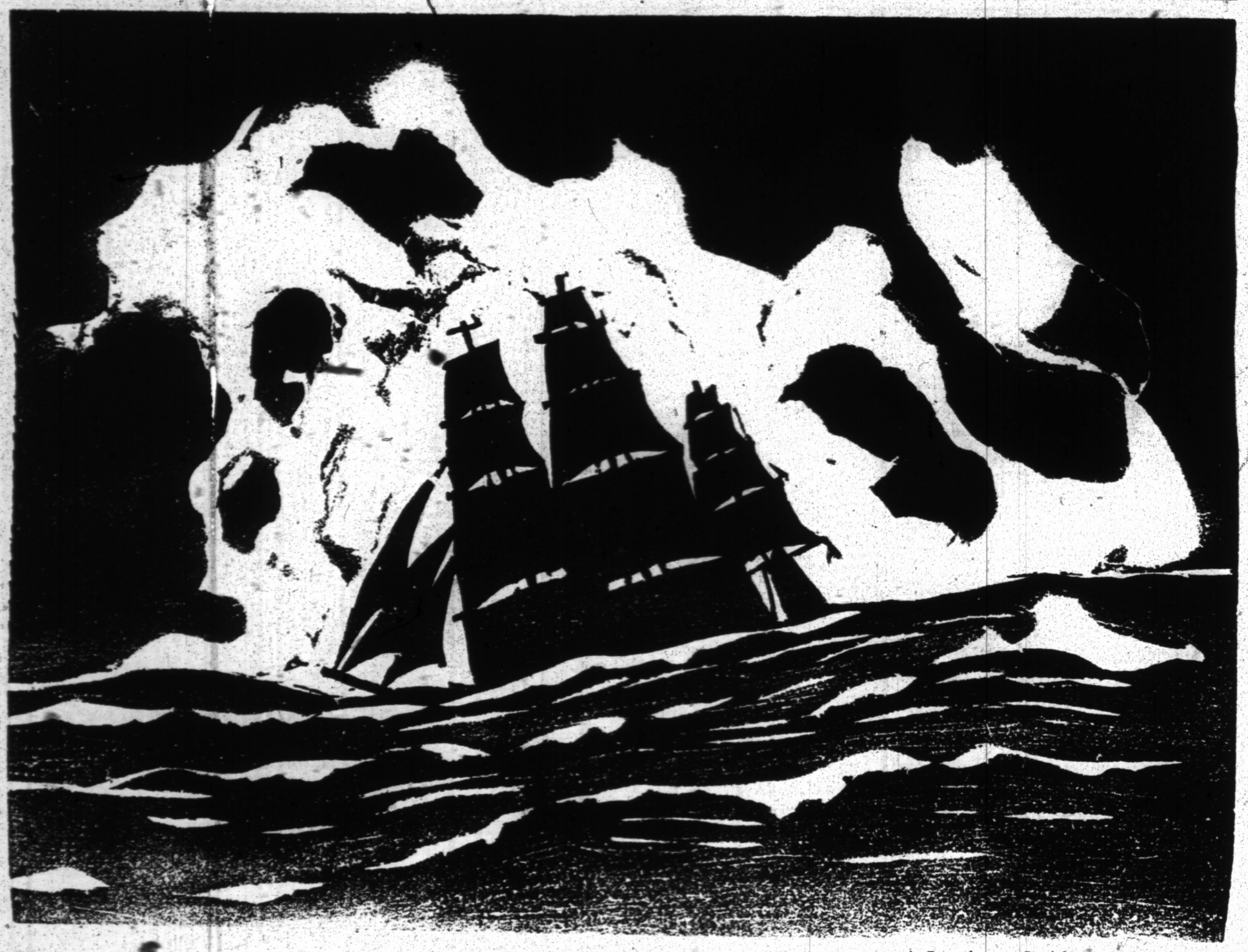
CANDIDA" is being played once more, and, fittingly enough, it is brought back by the Actors' Theater. The faith of actors brought about the first production of this Shaw comedy in America, other actors revived it for two brief glimpses, and now it is presented for special matinees at the Forty-eighth Street Theater on Wednesday and Friday afternoons through the generous impulses of an unusual cast assembled by the Actors' Theater. In that cast are Katharine Cornell, Pedro de Cordoba, Richard Bird, Clare Eames, Ernest Cossart, and Gerald Hamer. Dudley Digges has staged it for them.

Aside from the interest it takes in reviving any fine play, the Actors' Theater has a special interest in this production. Dorothy Donnelly, a member of the board of directors, was the original Candida. Louise Closser Hale, a prominent member of the "Expressing Willie" company, now completing a long run at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, was the original Prossy. And Chrystal Herne, leading woman of "Expressing Willie," was the second Candida, succeeding Miss Donnolly in the part. So plenty of expert opinion has been available, but to the credit of the ladies in question it might be remarked that they have not bothered Mr. Digges, Miss Cornell or Miss Eames with their ideas of how the parts "must" be played.

"Candida" reposed on the bookshelves among "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" for years before it reached production. Richard Mansfield started it in rehearsal, according to one story, but dropped it almost immediately. "Arms and the Man" and several others were taken up by those interested in "new" movements, but it remained for Arnold Daly and Dodson Mitchell to arouse real interest in "Candida". They had no money and the best they could do was to assemble a sympathetic cast for special matinees at the Berkeley Lyceum. The actors were to be paid the large sum of $15 a performance. Winchell Smith, making his first venture as a manager, scraped up $200, all the capital available, but that wasn't enough to pay the rent of the furniture, so Mrs. Hale loaned them hers.

Miss Donnelly played Candida, as aforesaid; Mrs. Hale, Prossy; Arnold Daly, Marchbanks; Dodson Mitchell, Morell; Ernest Lawford, Lexy; Herbert Standing, Burgess. Their performances, beginning December 8, 1903, aroused so much interest in the play that it was carried over from matinees into night performances for a run and it was then revived for a second season.

Two years ago Maurice Browne revived "Candida" at the Greenwich Village Theater for a few performances, and his wife, Ellen Van Volkenburg, played the title role. Twice the comedy has been done in Boston, once in 1917 by the Jewett Players, and again this year, July 14, at the Copley Theater by Iden Payne. Pamela Gaythorne had the title role, Payne was Marchbanks, Whitford Kane was the Burgess, and Henry O'Neill, Shirley Gale and Chester Wallace took other parts.



A Linoleum Cut by A. W. Clark

A Childhood Memory Of Carmel

(This is a memory of Carmel written by a boy of seventeen five years after he had left Carmel. It is, then, his remembered reactions of twelve years old.)

OFT IN A WESTERN land have I seen the pines caught for one fleeting instant in the passing splendor of the setting sun, sinking in a glorious trail across the waters. Then the gloaming; and as the dusk thickens, the awful quiet settles, disturbed only by the whirr of night beetles, or again by the clicking of insect-catching bats flitting to and fro—such was it, so often, when I laid my weary body to rest on the soft pine-needle carpet of those western slopes.

Yet again, days have passed as in a lost land, when the furtive fog stole like a wraith through the still pine woods. Nought was then to be heard save the low moan of the great Pacific—an ominous sound in the hovering gloom.

Again and again, in other seasons, when food in the hills was scarce, has the plaintive wail of the lone coyote been heard; and in sharp staccato cadence replies a lonely brother—perhaps in the nearby chaparral. Then the foreboding call of an uneasy owl makes the lull of the moment before seem like the silence of the grave. But as a constant undertone, felt rather than heard, amid the utter stillness of the night, is the steady pulse of the Pacific.

Never was so plain and sweet a scene to be indulged by mortal eye: the great blue hills, majestic, vague, and everlasting, bathed in the wisps of vapor rising from the surface of a lagoon in the valley below. Hark! Even now the sad, sweet voice of the mourning dove is uplifted in praise of the works of God!

Then in the clear, cool dawn, as the morning sun flings his first rays across the ridges om the eastern hills the sly coyote steals away to his lair, and the goldfinch, perched high overhead in some swaying, sun-bathed pine, breaks forth in joyous song proclaiming the birth of another day. Far to the westward stretches a vast expanse of blue, and here and there upon the heaving bosom of the deep a wavecrest sallies forth, a peak of iridescent green, to break a virgin whiteness other day. Far to the westward stretch-wave-torn barriers of the sea clings the gnarled cypress, her trunk bare to the salty spray cast up from the surging of the restless deep.

Thus do I recall the days of my childhood.

—F. L. L.

POSTOFFICE CLERK EXAMINATION

The U. S. Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for postoffice clerk for the postoffice at Carmel. For information in regard to the requirements and the character of the examination, and for application blanks, apply promptly to the local secretary, U. S. Civil Service Board, Postoffice, Carmel.

HARRY MALLINGER
Proprietor
STUDIO RESTAURANT
NEW CHEF DOLORES ST.

Halitosis 'Inventor' Dead

(From the New Yorker)

ON A RAINY DAY last week, when the newspapers belonged to Valentino, there was a seven-line notice in one newspaper which announced the simultaneous decease in New York, also through peritonitis, of Milton Feasley, another young man in his thirties, whose audience had been perhaps twice the size of the screen stars.

Mr. Feasley was the youthful father of halitosis. Also he was perhaps the most successful advertising man in this country. Once upon a time he graduated from a Chicago newspaper to write ads for Listerine, which excellent product nobody seemed particularly anxious to buy in those days.

So Mr. Feasley spoke thus to his gaping sales force: "If you should find yourself accidentally sitting beside a social leader and she would have invited you to tea the next day except for your halitosis, wouldn't that be a good reason to use Listerine?"

The sales force agreed with him that it would.

Whereupon, it is said, was born the principle of advertising through fear, of telling people disagreeable truths about themselves. "Always a bridesmaid—never a bride." "Even your best friend will not tell you." Then down in the corner just one insidious little word—halitosis. Mr. Feasley called it "whisper copy."

Milton Feasley was of Polish extraction, a brother of Newton Fuessle, the novelist. Originally his name was Fuessle. He was a slender, immaculately tailored man, with prematurely gray hair. Possessing a strong dash of cynicism, the father of halitosis had a secret ambition to write a novel. His private office was furnished rather as a drawing room, but—despite this luxury—his firm did a business of five million dollars.

Mr. Feasley's cynicism was manifested even in his attitude toward his public. He was wont solemnly to read aloud halitosis ads before parties at his partner's home in Princeton, N. J., where frequently a good laugh was had by all. Fear and vanity and such human emotions he played on, but it must be said that he persuaded millions to rinse their mouths and introduced sanitation where it had never been thought of before.

Once Mr. Feasley was summoned before a censorship committee of advertising agencies. They accused him in a perfume advertisement of inventing the amorous successes of a certain young girl. The committee demanded that he produce an affidavit from the fair one to the effect that she actually had enslaved men by using this perfume.

"You are quite right, gentlemen," replied Mr. Feasley, "but I too have a similar affidavit to demand. In another advertisement passed by you all I wish an affidavit from the ladies mentioned, to the effect that they are really contented." He turned to the well known ad: "Milk from contented cows."

HOW TO EAT AND LIVE TO BE MERRY

By PERCY BENNETT WRIGHT

Number Four

IN THE SECOND article of this series mention was made of the sixteen mineral elements of which the human body is composed and of the necessity of replenishing the blood stream with these elements by the use of natural foods which have not been deprived of their mineral content through the process of manufacture or by careless methods of preparation.

The vegetables which are usually cooked may be prepared by heating at a much lower temperature than is commonly used and by using much less water. The water which is left after cooking should be kept and used in soups as it contains many valuable minerals.

We hear considerable about Vitamins nowadays. Nobody seems to know just what a Vitamin is and nobody has ever seen one. But we do know that it is a substance or element in natural food which seems to be essential. Without the so-called Vitamin the food loses its value as food. It is now known that Iron, for instance, cannot be utilized by the blood when it is taken from a bottle or by means of a pill. Iron must be contained in the food we eat in order to be of any value. California raisins are known to contain iron in abundance. The use of raisins in the daily diet is increasing and should continue to increase. Lettuce contains a high percentage of Iron, as also Spinach, Radishes, Asparagus and Onions in the order mentioned.

Most fruits and vegetables contain a high percentage of mineral salts. Pure raw milk is rich in mineral elements except iron. Whole Wheat contains the highest percentage of necessary mineral salts of any of the grains. Meat contains many mineral salts and so-called Vitamins but they are largely destroyed in cooking.

Here is a vegetable salad that most of you will relish. Take—

¼ of a head of Cabbage
2 or 3 small Carrots
1 Apple
1 or 2 stalks of Celery
½ cup chopped Walnuts
½ cup seedless Raisins

Run the cabbage, carrots and apple through the food chopper and cut the celery into small pieces. Then mix all together. Line the salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with leaves of young raw spinach. Serve with mayonnaise.

A large serving of vegetable and fruit salad should be eaten either at luncheon or at dinner every day and especially when meat is served.

The President of Cornell University in a recent article entitled "What Should Educated Persons Know About Matters of Health" says, "An educated person should know the types and amounts and proportions of the various food elements essential to the proper nutrition of the body. The general health principles involved in the nutritional field are so obvious and are becoming daily so significant as oud knowledge of disease progresses, that it is necessary, I think, to emphasize in a special way that particular point."

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A PLEASING SOUVENIR FULL OF INFORMATION

A NOVEL BY A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

CHILDREN have waited so long to have their world recognized and understood by adults that they have at last taken things into their own hands. They have some brilliant spokesmen. In the last issue of Vanity Fair there was an article by a little girl, putting the case for "Hands off Children" in a more convincing and spirited manner than an experienced writer could have done. This was because it was writtten from the point of view of the child, the only one from which it is possible to understand the problems of childhood.

It is so easy to forget. The intensity and the high pressure at which one lived as a child, too, soon cools down to slower paces. The world of shining romance disappears before the problems of life and responsibility. A few have kept the glorious care-free secret, but they are the queer ones, not to be considered by serious people!

So Nathalia Crane, after publishing two books of remarkable verse, writes a novel out of the fantastic world of her imagination. "The Sunken Garden" opens up in spectacular fashion, flinging a challenge to the modern dabbler in exotic diction.

"The ox-eye tornado loomed in the south-east at sundown. Tossing tentacles of black vapour, the aerial octopus advanced swiftly. Instantly towering timber lines of the African coast were swathed in sable. A crag-crowned islet, a mile from the mainland beaches, was smothered in yellow pall." It would take a life-long student of the dictionary or the thesaurus to rival some of her phrases. The author must have had a great time writing but the reader has it hard. This is either because of being so far from the gorgeously romantic age of twelve years, or because of the frequent need of a drink

of water after such passages as the following: "Was the atavism of the eastern crags some primeval anachronism, a soul drawn from an ancient orbit of life through some kindly blunder of nature, or was the youth a super-biped, unknown to modern civilization, awaiting later advent into the recognized circles of modernity?"

In her poetry Nathalia Crane is curiously metaphysical. Her insight is that of a genius and she seems to draw her material from some source beyond the reach of memory. No ordinary child writes a verse like the following, nor is it the work of one who is merely in love with words.

"There is a weird for every empty shell,
A haunt resides where once the orchid fell;
And in collapsing chancels of the mole
A shambling ghost still plays his eyeless role."

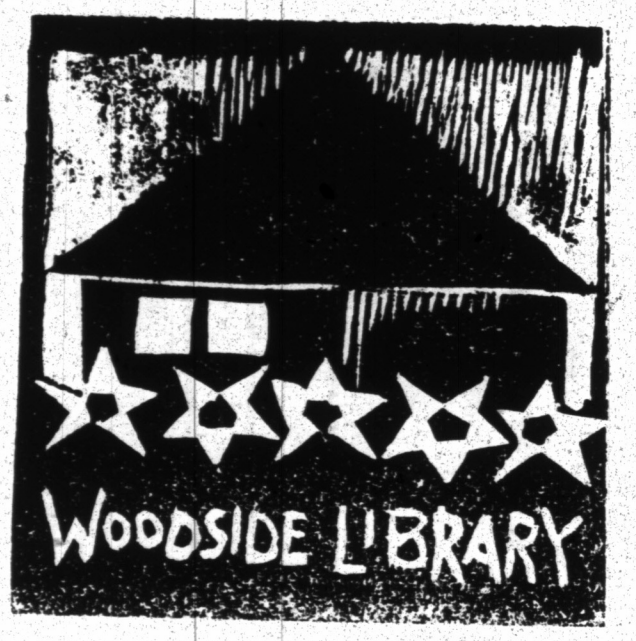
From whatever bright tapestry she draws her images she uses it freely and finds it inexhaustible. She can pack more into a line than many poets put into an epic. It will be interesting to watch her progress. Will the eager, color-loving mind become tinselled with gaudy sophistication or will it grow to a rich maturity? We most heartily hope for the latter, and if it comes true, we can imagine Nathalia in twenty years' time, bending over a box of old manuscripts and coming upon "The Sunken Garden".

"Ye gods!" she would cry, "I'd forgotten there were so many adjectives in the English language."

HUGH WALPOLE PRAISES "THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS"

With her recent book, "The Romantic Comedians", Ellen Glasgow has added another vivid chapter to the history of the South which is written in her novels. It is her creation of characters that Hugh Walpole considers her most significant achievement.

"She has never broken from the real tradition of the English novel," he says, "and out of that tradition she has helped to build up the true American novel. Her novels are American absolutely, but she cares for the creation of character, for the leisurely construction of a whole world of people and places with a true philosophy behind them. I admire her because she has never gone in for short cuts; there's a fine thickness behind her books so that when you have finished one of them you have to extricate yourself as you do when you have been staying for a long time with friends and have learnt to share their joys and surprises and troubles. I am sure that this business of creating a world is the finest thing a novelist can do, but to do it you have to be born a creator, you have to know your country absolutely. If I think of 'The Builders' or 'Virginia' or 'Phases of an Inferior Planet', I think of them not as detached books but as fragments of the history of a fascinating country, the Glasgow country. Of course, she writes beautifully, is a real poet, and has drama and humor at her command, but this business of creating a world is, I am sure, her chief gift. In these days she shares it with Hergesheimer and Cabell in America, Galsworthy and Bennett over here."



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AN INTERVIEW WITH A RUSSIAN INTELLECTUAL

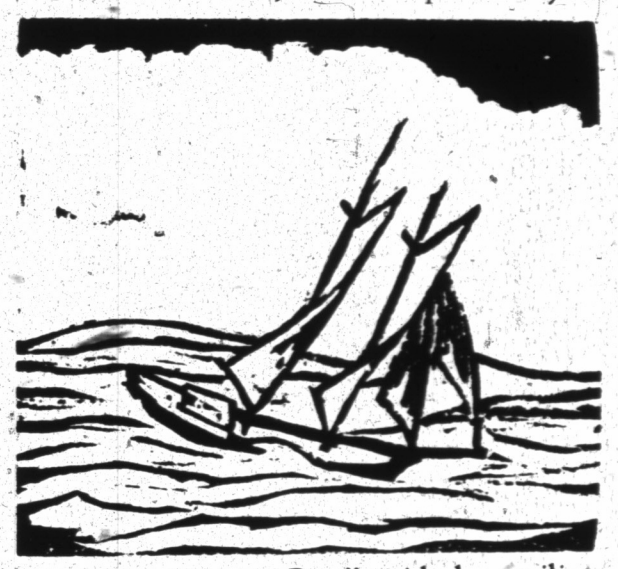
By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

I HEARD HER VOICE before I saw and met Madame Maximow. From a rapid flow of words as she talked just outside the door, I drew an impression of a woman of vivacity and charm of manner, of intellect and the poise that so distinguishes European women. There was enthusiastic interest expressed in every tone of her voice. A few minutes later I saw her turning over the pages of an old book on plant anatomy printed in 1682. She seemed fascinated by it, and her fingers expressed her reverence and delight as she carefully handled the yellowed leaves. Looking up from one of the quaint illustrations she said to Dr. MacDougal, "You must be very happy to have this book."

Madame Maximow and her distinguished husband, Dr. N. Maximow, who are in Carmel for a few days, are both professors of botany in Leningrad and came from Russia to attend the International Congress of Science which was held at Ithaca, New York, in August. At this Congress, and at various other places in their travels here, Dr. Maximow has delivered addresses in his subject, and is invited to speak at still other places as they return East. They left Russia in June, and after a short visit with friends in Germany, came to the Unitd Stats, where they are packing into the months of their stay a great deal of study and investigation and meeting all the noted scientists of the country. They must be back in Russia in December—that was the condition on which their government let them come here.

One reads a good deal and hears conflicting opinions of Russia and the conditions there, but the huge struggling country sometimes seems a million miles away from this placid shore, and Communism hard to realize as an actual working plan, and not a contemplated idealistic theory or an abandoned experiment from a long past page of history. And so, when I had an opportunity for a quiet talk with Madame Maximow, I forgot to ask her whether Carmel seemed as beautiful as the Riviera or what she thought about American women—I asked her about Communism and her life in Russia. She talked freely and so sanely about it all. "Dr. Maximow and I, we approve of what the Government is trying to do." she said. "Of, course, there are many who do not, many who have suffered so that they will never forget and forgive. All the old people are so. We too have suffered, and there have been hard times and still are, but this thing is something so—so new, so big, that we cannot help feeling that the right spirit and idea are back of it. It is looking to the future good of everybody."

Madame Maximow did not stress the hardships she had undergone, yet from things let drop in the conversation it was easy to see that life had been very different for her in years past. Her family lost a large fortune and a beautiful house, and were reduced to straits when the bare necessities were almost impossible to get. No sugar at all and no butter and just so many pieces of bread available for each person a day. There were times when the problems of clothing became acute and one wore high shoes because stocking feet were beyond the possibility of



further patching. "But," said she smiling, though there was a reminiscent darkening in her eyes as at more painful thoughts, "there were those who had no stockings at all and must wrap old papers about their feet. Now all that is different and Russian women are nicely dressed once more but they have not the style—they do not dress on the street as for a party, like the American girls."

Talking of Communism and its working she said that the Government made many mistakes, but that she did not have any hostile feeling against them for this. They are quite ready to acknowledge the fact that they have made a mistake—their attitude is not that of "the Government can do no wrong"—and then they start over again to try something else. Eventually, order will come out of the chaos. At present, she admitted, it is unsettling and makes their work difficult to be kept in a constant state of change and uncertainty, but they take it philosophically and continue with their work as best they may. Professor Maximow is head of the botanical department of the Educational Institute, while Madame Maximow heads a similar department in the School of Pharmacy. In addition, both work in the Research Institute of Applied Botany and New Cultures. "We are better off than many," she explained, "because there are two of us working in a family of only five." Two old grandmothers and a son of fourteen make up the remaining members of the Maximow household in Russia.

It is interesting and enlightening to hear about the various ways in which the government lays the hand of authority on the comings and goings of its citizens. During these years of adjustment and struggle, it is better, they say, that you stay in Russia and spend your money here where it is needed rather than abroad and therefore, it is extremely difficult sternly supervised, and prohibitively high for any one not on government business to leave the country. Foreign buying is duty imposed on articles brought back from abroad. Even should you have the money, there is a limit of permissible custom tax beyond which you may not go.

Fortunately for Russia, there are people big enough to see beyond the turmoil of the moment, the inevitable suffering and the mistakes of a government struggling with a tremendously big and difficult experiment. As Madame Maximow said, "This thing is not to benefit just one or two persons—it is for the happiness of all!"

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John Catlin **Carmel**

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COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH CARMEL

AN HAWAII INCIDENT

By W. K. Bassett

JOHN MACKENZIE wished he had never been born. Life was such a futile thing. It carried through its years the ineptitude of its beginning. It was as absurd for a man of thirty-five to awake with disgust at the opening of a new day as it was for an infant to tear its throat with cries in the first few hours of its existence. Only the aroma of coffee from the floor below was related in any degree to a sensation of satisfaction. Now if a new-born babe could smell coffee—But there again was absurdity.

This sense of futility had become chronic with John Mackenzie. Nothing happened to him, or as he put it, he happened to nothing. If those in his small circle of acquaintances found any particular interest in him it was confined to the fact that he had red hair. Mrs. Marshall placed fresh flowers in his room once a month, but always on the day before his rent was due. Toyoto San daily proffered his service obsequiously, but Toyo's devotion was measured in terms of small pieces of silver. Wherein, pray tell, had life its compensations?

As he languidly surveyed the rows of desks in the office even the memory of coffee paled. With an effort at cheerfulness he returned morning salutations on his way to his place in the big bare room. He absentmindedly ran through the slips in his leather folder. The girl at the desk on his right repeated his name when he failed to hear the chief clerk call him. With another decided effort he feigned interest and enthusiasm before his superior.

Back at his desk he reflected that he didn't give a Hawaiian two-bit piece whether or not Yamamoto skipped out on them. He didn't care if the pineapple grower never paid his nineteen twenty-four income tax. He didn't want to go over to Nawiliwili again. He had been there five times since August and each time Yamamoto had eluded him.

A sea trip, be it only over night, was considered in the internal revenue office in Honolulu as requiring an immoderate amount of time off for preparation. But the first flash of pleasure at an appreciation of this compensation faded in John Mackenzie's mind. He would probably spend the leisure hours lolling on the beach in a bathing suit and rumination on the drabness of life.

That is precisely what he did. With augmented languor late that afternoon he dragged himself across the sand to his room just in time to throw somehting into a bag and reach the wharf before the sailing of the Kinau.

The lei-bedecked Hawaiians, Japanese and Filipinos busied themselves around him with the fantastic details of a rare embarkation. Those of his race among the passengers were plainly uninteresting. Aspect of the poker player was not among them. Early he traversed the pitching deck and sought his berth. The last concious machination of his mind revolved about the thought that even the turbulent experience of seasickness was denied him.

He awoke to the breathless beauty of the Kauai mountains, but left it with the first brief impression of a welcome change of scenery. In the ragged, careless town his mind sprang into a certain activity; an unbidden desire to render compensate service in his labor. To circumvent another escape of Yamamoto it would be necessary for him to speed quickly into the hills to the planter's abode. Yamamoto had friends in Nawiliwili. They would recognize the government agent. Already he had probably been identified by those of his quarry's blood among the Kinau's passengers. The Japanese were smart—and they possessed an insane social solidarity.

John Mackenzie hurriedly obtained the use of a Ford. As he took the road to the hills he reflected with satisfaction that he was the first to leave the town since the Kinau had made fast to the dock. While the Ford struggled up the long stretch of tilting road he mapped out a plan of approach and attack at the Yamamoto shack.

He was precipitated from the realm of strategy by a sharp report as from a rifle, and his machine swerved and limped with the quick flattening of a tire. He descended to the road with no apparent revolt. His cynicism had nurtured the dullness of philosophy. He changed the tire with calm and methodical deliberation. He was clapping the dust from his hands

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Zanetta Catlett Kennedy Owen

(Continued from Page Ten)

when another machine, bearing Japanese, approached. It slowly passed him with an air of grinning apology and sped out of sight up the road. With a resigned smile John Mackenzie resumed his place at the wheel.

But if he had been frustrated by the automobile load of Japanese, they had delivered their warning on the wing. The Yamamoto shack stood apparently lifeless and simmering in the sun when he drew up before it. On all sides the martial rows of pineapples marched away to a blur of yellow green.

John Mackenzie knocked loudly at the rough plank door. There was no answer. He walked around the shack and repeated his summons at the rear. Only the reverberation of his knocks came back to him. He peered in under the shredded edge of a Japanese screen at the window. Impenetrable darkness met his eyes. As he turned away he heard a slight sound. He waited silently and vainly for its recurrence. Returning to the front of the house he knocked again with heavier blows. From the depths of the shack, as though muffled by an inner partition, came the voice of a woman in a plaintive tone:

"Wiki-wiki, I come. Wiki-wiki."

But that was all. He waited expectant at the door for a moment or two and then walked to the corner of the shack to cover any attempted flight from the rear. In a little while he went back to the front door and banged belligerently upon it.

"I come, wiki-wiki. I come."

"She's lying," John Mackenzie said aloud. He beat heavily on the door with his fist.

"Wiki-wiki. Wiki-wiki, I come." The voice pleaded forbearance.

"Mr. Yamamoto—he stop?" John Mackenzie shouted at the resisting blanknesss of the door. The "mister" was a concession to expediency. There was a short silence as though re-created energy were necessary for a response.

"My hoos-band—he no stop," came the faint, almost whispered answer, and then again: "Wiki-wiki, I come."

John Mackenzie's anger grew with his suspicions. He heard the light, slow swish of sandals dragged across dry matting. The sounds approached the door. The latch scraped. The door opened—slowly. A little woman, her careless kimono open to her waist, clung to the portal with one frantic hand. The other clutched to her bare breast the form of a new-born baby.

On the deck of the Kinau that night John Mackenzie sought solitude in the distasteful contemplation of the routine of the morrow. Life was happenless.

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"RAINY DAY" SMITH AND HIS BOOK "FOR A RAINY DAY"

(From BOOK NOTES)

JOHN THOMAS SMITH, author of "A Book for a Rainy Day", was born in a hackney coach in London on a fine evening in the year 1766. His mother was returning from a visit to her brother, Mr. Edward Tarr, "a convivial glass-grinder, then residing at No. 6, in Earl Street Dials, and who had, for upwards of fifty years, worn a green velvet cap." Smith, or rather "Rainy Day" Smith as he is called, wrote in the album of a friend:

"I can boast of seven events, some of which great men would be proud of:

"I received a kiss when a boy from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson;

"Was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson;

"Have frequently held Sir Joshua Reynolds' spectacles;

"Partook of a pint of porter with an elephant;

"Saved Lady Hamilton from falling when the melancholy news arrived of Lord Nelson's death;

"Three times conversed with King George the Third;

"And was shut up in a room with Mr. Kean's lion."

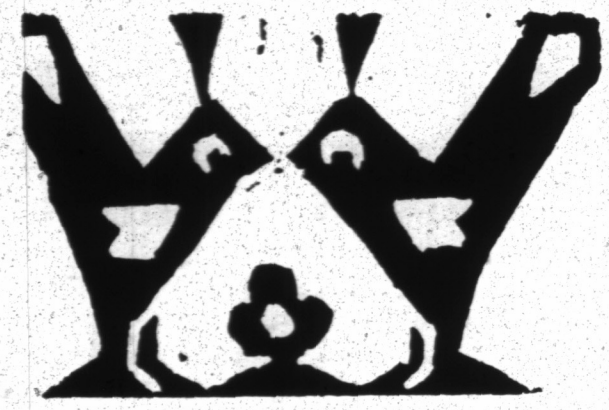
Smith's father was assistant to Joseph Nollekins, the sculptor, of whom Dr. Johnson said, "Well, sir, I think my friend Joe Nollekins can chop out a head with any of them." Young Smith was only twelve when he entered Nollekin's studio to help his father, and it was here that Dr. Johnson observing some of the boy's drawings patted him on the head and croaked, "Very well, very well."

Smith, a keen observer all his life, gives an excellent picture of the famous doctor in the book. He describes his personal appearance, his features and clothes, including his coats, "one a dark mulberry, the other brown, inclining to the colour of Scotch snuff, with large brass or gilt buttons," and his wide and awkwardly sprawling gait in his big, loose, buckled shoes. He says the doctor was tall and powerful "I once saw him follow a sturdy thief, who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the collar with both hands, and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose; and then, with his open hand gave him so powerful a smack on the face, that sent him off the pavement staggering."

As a boy Smith attended the funeral of David Garrick. "One day a facetious art student lifted Nollekins' studio door-latch, put in his head, and announced, "For the information of some of the sons of Phidias, I beg to observe, that David Garrick is now on his way to pay his respects to Poet's Corner. I left him just as he was quitting the boards of the Adelphi." Smith begged his father to allow him to go to Charing Cross to see the funeral pass and was granted permission. "I was there in a few minutes, following him to the Abbey, heard the service, and saw him buried."

He relates this anecdote of the great actor: "On a night when Mr. Garrick was acting the part of Lear, one of the soldiers who stood on the stage blubbered like a child. Mr. Garrick, who was as fond of a compliment as most men, when the play was over, sent for the man to his room, and gave him half a crown. It was the custom formerly for two soldiers to stand on the stage during the time of performance, one at either end of the proscenium."

Even before Smith entered the studio, the sculptor occasionally took him about with him. "I well remember when, in



my eighth year, my father's playfellow, Mr. Joseph Nollekins, leading me by the hand to the end of John Street, to see the notorious terror of the king's highway, John Ramm, commonly called Sixteen-String Jack, on his way to execution at Tyburn, for robbing Dr. Bell, Chaplain to the Princess Amelia, in Gunnesbury Lane. . . . It was pretty generally reported that the sixteen strings worn by this freebooter at his knees were in allusion to the number of times he had been acquitted. . . . Rann was a smart fellow, a great favorite with a certain description of **ladies,** and had been coachman to Lord Sandwich. . . . The malefactor's coat was a bright pea-green; he had an immense nosegay, which he had received from the hand of one of the frail sisterhood, whose practice it was in those days to present flowers to their favourites from the steps of St. Sepulchre's church, as the last token of what they called their attachment to the condemned, whose worldly accounts were generally brought to a close at Tyburn, in consequence of their associating with abandoned characters. On our return home, Mr. Nollekins, stooping close to my ear, assured me that, had his father-in-law, Mr. Justice Welch, been high constable, we could have walked all the way to Tyburn by the side of the cart."

"A Book for a Rainy Day" abounds in vivid flash-backs. Here is one more, of a different sort of character, a patron of the arts.

"It was the regular custom of Alderman Boydell," writes Smith, "who was a very early riser, at five o'clock, to go immediately to the pump in Ironmonger Lane. There, after placing his wig upon the ball at the top of it, he used to sluice his head with its water. This well-known and highly respected character, who has done more for British artists than all the print publishers put together, was also one of the last men who wore a three-cornered hat."

Soon after his marriage at the age of twenty-two, Smith, who had practiced as a drawing master and topographical artist, became for a time a portrait painter, and in Edmonton and vicinity "profiled, three-quartered, full-faced, and buttoned up the retired embroidered weavers, their crummy wives, and tightly-laced daughters." But practically all Smith's life was spent in London, where he knew William Blake, Rowlandson, and most of the notables of his time, especially artists and collectors.

He was insatiably curious about everything. Nothing seemed to escape his notice and he had a wonderful memory. Once in passing through a short street he noticed that most of the doorknockers were in the form of dolphins, and immediately went off to Fishmongers' Hall to inquire if the houses or land had ever belonged to that worshipful and ancient Company whose coat-of-arms is dolphins.

For the last seventeen years of his life Smith was keeper of the Prints at the British Museum. He died in 1833, but his remarkable though now little-known "Book for a Rainy Day" was not published until 1845, a dozen years after his death, when it went through two editions immediately. A third followed in 1861.

The most valuable edition of all, however, appeared in 1905 under the editorship of Wilfred Whitten (John O'London). This edition is most thoroughly annotated and beautifully illustrated from contemporary prints

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VISITORS

By a HOSTESS

THE VISITING SEASON is almost over—and how we have been blessed with them, you and I—the queer folks who bury themselves in Carmel more or less permanently! And how they hated our fogs!

There are all sorts of nice things about visitors, and also they do have their drawbacks. Aunt Sue wants so much heat in cool Carmel that we sigh over our prospective electricity and wood bill, and roast ourselves. Uncle E. will eat no chocolate. Aunt A. eats no butter. Cousin C. does not like thickened milk. Cousin S. must have refreshments between meals. Sister A. needs tea or coffee three times a day: we want it only once. Cousin B. cannot get along with the small evening suppers we like. How hard we have tried to please them, each and all! How we have driven the Seventeen-Mile Drive. Point Lobos, the Vally drive—dozens of times—put off our own affairs and engagements! Laura isn't strong, and we bring breakfast to her in bed. That makes three breakfasts, for we and the children eat first, then Laura's week-end hubby and his friend: then comes Laura's tray. Cousin Beatrice tries to improve and reprove our small boy, and sister Belle criticizes my bob: "runs" my meals more or less, visibly disapproves my family discipline, and thinly veils her dislike for the same obstreperous small boy, who develops things never before seen in him. Pretty little sister is petted and spoiled, naughty brother is snubbed and humiliated. And, of course, "brother" is always naughty when there's company—so little chance for his accustomed attentions from mother, unusual happenings and excitements, jealousy of petted sister, etc.

Almost time we changed the role and became a visitor ourself once more, so that we can see things again from the visitor's point of view, and perhaps improve our attitude as hostess—it might be good for the soul. Alas! We remember with compunction that in years gone by, before we had house or children of our own, we too gave advice to mothers we were visiting! Surely 'our own' has come back to us.

Such tact, selflessness, and patience it takes to be the ideal hostess, and at the same time to be a mother! Among the procession we remember one-two-who were perfect visitors-helpful, comradely, undemanding, uncritical, uneccentric, (or at least they submerged their eccentricities); who poured soothing oil on troubled waters, who made sunny days sunnier, gray days brighter, whose memories are altogether a delight. One was a little girl of ten, one a man approaching middle age, who was tolerant and appreciative.

Bless them all, the long procession of visitors, good, bad, and indifferent! They have left us richer for the human contact, richer by many a suggestion - and recipe! May they come again, and may we, when our opportunity comes, prove ourselves the ideal visitor!

Linoleum Cut by Robert W. Hestwood

"THE FATAL COUNTESS"

One of the most curious chapters in William Roughead's "The Fatal Countess and other Studies" is that entitled "The Ambiguities of Miss Smith". It is the story of a breach of promise suit brought against an English Earl by a young girl of nineteen, who asked for damages in the amount of 20,000 pounds. The plaintiff produced letters and gifts alleged to have been received from her noble suitor. The defendant denied that he had ever so much as seen the young girl in question and declared that the letters were forgeries. Mr. Roughead's account is drawn from official records, as, indeed, are all the studies in this volume, and from these records it seems evident that Lord Ferrer's ardent courtship existing only in the imagination of Miss Smith. And yet, after her suit had been dismissed, she had the supreme audacity to bring suit against a newspaper which criticized a pamphlet that she wrote in her own defense as a "monstrosity of literature."

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Notes and Comment

(Continued from Page Five)

real estate sign a short distance to the east of it. But Mr. Whitney, in neglecting to go through the formality of asking for a permit had apparently thrust at the dignity of Trustee Wood. We can't believe that the other trustees could be so pitifully small.

* * * *

FOR A GREATER number of years than we wish to admit in our efforts to belie a bald spot we have been hearing about the altercation between A. M. Allan and "the public" in regard to the former's right to maintain a gate at the entrance to Point Lobos. The thing burst out again last week with the action of a government agent in tearing down the gate and the counter action of Mr. Allan in replacing it. It appears to be a matter of "principle" or "title" or both. With these two words we have nothing to do principally because they are nothing but words in the more important question of the perpetual beauty of point Lobos and the enjoyment of it by people who have the rare ability to enjoy it. We scarcely know Mr. Allan and we don't owe him anything except about 89 issues of The Cymbal for which he has paid his four dollars, but knowing what government-owned parks generally develop into we declare it our opinion that if Allan doesn't own Point Lobos it would be a mighty good thing if he did. Point Lobos has to-day the same rugged, natural, untincanned beauty it had thirty yearts ago when we first visited it. That is a great sight more than can be said for the Big Basin or, in fact, for the Yosemite Valley. Allan has left Point Lobos just about as he found it except that he has hidden a few refuse cans in the trees in the hope that "the public" will throw their gin bottles into them and has provided fire wood for those who do not provide themselves with synthetic heat. He charges fifty cents for an automobile party to go out on the point and it certainly is worth a great deal more than that to assure those who love the place when they get there that their love won't be battered into nothing but a memory by Carnation milk cans and hot dog establishments so certain under the concessions system of government-owned parks.

Of course, if Mr. Allan plans—or when he plans—to dispose of Point Lobos to others, as the Del Monte Properties company is doing with the most beautiful part of the Peninsula which happens to be behind its toll gates, that is something else again, and what we think about it todav may be different from what we think about it then, but in the meantime we are for A. M. Allan and the God of things as they are as against the United States government and a dance hall on Point Lobos.

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Medusa's Head.....Bacon
The Golden Dancer.....Hume

FIELDING'S "JONATHAN WILD"
NEW BOOK IN BORZOI CLASSICS

An interesting addition to the Borzoi Classics Series just appearing is Fielding's "Jonathan Wild". The historical Wild, a London criminal who organized a gang of robbers and pickpockets, collected their booty, and returned it to their owners for a consideration, is presented throughout by Fielding as an admirable paragon of greatness, and a detailed parallel is tacitly drawn between his progress to the gallows and the careers of Robert Walpole and other unscrupulous men in public life. The book is peculiarly apt for modern times; in fact, it takes a place in the literature of the "Higher Babbitism". The text has been supervised by Wilson Follett, who has also contributed a critical and historical introduction. One of Defoe's contemporary pamphlets on Wild has been added to this edition of Fielding's book.

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PERSONAL MENTION

MRS. JESSE BUNDREN ROBERTS of Hollywood, after two months spent in Carmel, left for her home last week.

* * * *

Mrs. Harleigh Johnson and her daughter, Ruth, motored up from Montecito and are living in the Monte Verde apartments.

* * * *

Mrs. A. G. Keagle of Stockton is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Higginbotham.

* * * *

Mrs. C. H. Bassett has returned from a two weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. F. H. Clark, in Berkeley. Mrs. Clark motored down with Mrs. Bassett and will be her house-guest here.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brundin of Stockton are visiting Miss Dorothy Bassett and Miss Anne Nash at their home in Carmel Woods. Mrs. Brundin is Miss Bassett's cousin.

* * * *

Paul Mercurio has left for a two weeks' vacation at Tassajara Springs.

* * * *

Miss Helen Willard was hostess at a bridge party on Thursday evening. Her guests were the Misses Margaret and Jean Burpee, Vivien Higginbotham, Helen Woolsey, Esther Waite, Maude and Alice Snow, Dorothy Cone, Mariam White, Audry Walton and Mrs. Jean Woods.

* * * *

Mrs. Blanche Matthias is leaving in a week for Egypt where she and Mr. Matthias will spend about a year.

* * * *

Miss Louise Prince recently motored to Pasadena with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hartley.

* * * *

Mrs. C. S. Bowman is here from Topeka, Kansas, and is the guest of her sister, Miss Roberta Wasson.

* * * *

Miss Vera F. Morse of Berkeley has been visiting Mrs. B. E. Hopkins.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton have gone to Walnut Creek to attend a house party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. LaMoine who are celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Newsome of San Francisco are in Carmel for a few days.

* * * *

Robert Welles Ritchie is away on a trip to Grass Valley and other points for three weeks or a month.

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